

Repetition's Just Like Prison

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Summary: Why are so many fanfic plots so similar? How does Hiccup feel about being in so many stories that all sound the same? Massive breaking of the fourth wall. Rated T for allusions to adult themes; the language is all K.

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A/N

>This story was born out of my frustration at seeing so many of the stories on this site centered on just a handful of plot lines that keep getting reused, recycled, and repeated. I admit, I've used a few of these plot lines in my own stories, but I try to come up with totally original stuff as much as I can. Too many authors can't (or won't) do that â€" they just jump on whatever bandwagon is popular at the moment, and the result is dozens of stories whose summaries all sound the same. This story is meant to be "ironic" funny, not "laugh out loud" funny, but if you do laugh out loud, I won't mind. The title comes from a Relient K song called "Wit's All Been Done Before," which is about a songwriter with a similar complaint ("We do something to death, then we dig it up just to do it some more"). Rated T for allusions to adult themes; the language is all K.

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Hiccup was running down a long hall, set with many doors on both sides. The hall had no end in sight. He looked back; there was no end that way, either. He had no idea how he'd gotten here, or how long he'd been here. All he knew was that he had to get out somehow. There was an air of foreboding in this place that was so thick, he could cut it with his belt knife.

He stopped and tried to open one of the doors on his right. It opened easily, and he quickly stepped inside and closed it. Somehow, he was

now in the cove. The air was still, the sounds of the waterfall were relaxing, and best of all, Toothless was lounging by the edge of the water.

"Buddy, you have no idea how glad I am to see you!" he exclaimed as he ran over to him. Toothless got up at the sound of his voice and met him halfway. But there was something different about his expression; there was an intense look in his eyes that Hiccup had never seen before. He shoved at Hiccup with his nose and nearly knocked the boy off his feet.

"Bud? What's the matter?" Toothless shoved him again, and this time he did put Hiccup on the ground. Hiccup scrambled back to his feet. "What are you doing?" he asked nervously.

"Don't fight it," came an unfamiliar female voice. He glanced to his left. A teen-age girl with glasses whom he'd never seen before was watching them with a smile. "You love each other, so why not express it fully with each other?"

"You meanâ€¦?" Hiccup suddenly understood what she meant, and cringed in horror, just as Toothless pushed at him again. "But that's unnatural! Toothless would never do that!"

"He will now," she smiled. "It's called Toothcup. In fact, there's a fifty-fifty chance he'll get you pregnant with a baby Night Fury. Wouldn't that be cute?"

"No!" Hiccup screamed. He looked behind him. The door was still there! He turned, ran for it, and escaped back into the hall just before the passion-crazed dragon caught up with him. Once back in the hall, he marked a "W" on the door with his knife. "That stands for Wrong. I won't go in there again," he said to no one. He decided to try a door on the left side.

He found himself on the edge of the cliffs that surround Berk. Ruffnut and Tuffnut were standing near him with their Zippleback. "Your turn," Ruff said.

"My turn for what?" Hiccup asked nervously.

"Your turn to give us a dare," Tuff replied. "We dared you to jump off your dragon into the ocean, and you did. It's not our fault that your stupid dragon caught you before you splashed in, but a dare is a dare. Now it's your turn. Dare us to something exciting!"

"And wild!" Ruff added.

"And totally dangerous!" Tuff finished.

"Uhh, no thanks," Hiccup stammered. "That sounds crazy."

"Of course it's crazy! It's a dare war," Ruff shot back. "We've all been doing it for a week, and it's just getting interesting. Don't chicken out on us now!"

"Actually, I changed my mind," Hiccup decided. "It's not crazy. It's stupid."

"Hey, watch it!" exclaimed another unfamiliar teen-age girl from

behind him. "This isn't some weird thing they're asking you to do. Everybody is doing dare wars these days."

"Not me!" Hiccup exclaimed. Somehow, the door was still there, standing on the rocks with no walls on either side. He went back through it and found himself in the hall again. He marked that door with an "I" for Insane. He walked down the hall, past a few more doors that all looked the same, and picked one on his right.

He found himself in a darkened room. His five friends were seated in front of some kind of flat device that was showing moving images. He realized that the images were from his recent past; he was watching himself be confronted by his father right after he'd shot Toothless down.

"Hiccup, you are many things, but a dragon killer is not one of them!" His dad had been right about that, but it was still embarrassing to hear it all over again.

"Hey, you're just in time," Snotlout called. "Pull up a chair! We're getting to the good part, where I totally make fun of you!"

"I have to admit, you really made a mess of things that time," Astrid nodded.

Hiccup stared. "Are you telling me that every humiliating mistake I made is going to be on that screen, for all of you to see?"

"Every single one," Ruff nodded. "Me, I'm waiting for the parts where Astrid loses her temper at you."

"We can even pause it so we can enjoy your facial expressions," Tuff added.

"This doesn't sound like fun," Hiccup said.

"Who cares?" Snotlout shot back. "We got invited here by a mysterious stranger, so we might as well enjoy the show."

"I can't endure all that again," Hiccup said sadly. "It was hard enough the first time." He turned and left, carved a "P" for Painful on the door, and tried the next one.

He was back in the cove; he tensed up. Toothless was there, but he was no longer wearing that strange look that portended such awful things. Now, he looked raging mad! He circled Hiccup, snarling and growling; Hiccup turned to face him fearfully. "What has gotten into you, Toothless?"

"He's mad because you shot him down and injured his tail," said a third teen-age girl, as though it was obvious. "When he bites you, his venom will turn you into a Night Fury."

"He wouldn't bite me!" Hiccup exclaimed. "That's ridiculous! He doesn't even have any venom" his teeth are all wrong for that! And who are you?"

"I'm the author of the story," she answered matter-of-factly.

"The author of" no! Not that! Please, tell me this isn't

happening!"

"Of course it is!" she said with a smile. "I have a story I want to tell, and you're the star. Now quit dancing around and let him bite you so he can turn you into a dragon!"

"Can I at least be a male dragon?" he asked fearfully.

"Well, that was the plan, butâ€¦" she said thoughtfully. "Hey, what a great idea! He'll make you into a female dragon so he can mate with you!"

At that moment, Toothless was in front of him and the door was right behind him. He spun, flung the door open, and slammed it shut behind him. This time, he carved an "H" into the door.

"Is that for Hiccup?" came an unfamiliar voice. It was yet another teen-aged girl.

"No, it's for Horror-show," Hiccup said. He was shaking and looked pale. "I know where I am now. I've died and gone to Fanfiction Hell! Every one of these doors is a gateway to some kind of story that's been written to death, but people keep on writing them! And they all put me through the wringer, again and again and again, before I can come out the other side." He glared at her. "What kind of horrors have you created for me?"

She pointed to a nearby door. "There aren't any horrors in my stories. Walk on in and see for yourself. I promise, you won't suffer."

"My dragon isn't going to attack me?" he asked hesitantly.

"Nope, not even a little."

"No dare wars? No watching the movie with my friends? No Ruffcup?"

"No, none of that," she said firmly. "I respect the art of storytelling too much to stoop that low. Please, check it out. I know you'll love it."

"I don't know about that," he said reluctantly, "but it could hardly be worse than the scenes I've already been in." He opened the door and stepped inside.

He was in Berk. Everything looked normal; everybody looked normal. But something was different. After a moment, he realized what it was. His clothes felt wrong; they were tight in unfamiliar places. A quick check with his hands to his chest confirmed his fear. He jumped back through the door.

"Hey! You didn't stay long enough for anything to happen!" the girl protested.

"That was a gender-swap story!" he nearly screamed. "You turned me into a girl!"

"You need to get back in there!" she ordered him. "It's almost time for the good part, where Dagur the Deranged falls in love with

you!"

"_Dagur?!_" Hiccup went pale. "But you said I wouldn't suffer!"

"Being a girl isn't suffering," she said crossly. "Trust me â€" I've been a girl all my life, so I should know."

"I've been a _boy_ all my life, and I'm going to _stay_ that way!" he exclaimed, turned, and ran.

"Fine, have it your way!" she called after him. He suddenly found a heavy basket strapped to his back, which slowed him down dramatically. He stopped, took it off, and looked inside. He found extra clothing, paper and drawing sticks, and some dried food.

"Oh, so you wrote a Hiccup-runs-away story as well?" he called back to her. "How original! Well, I'm running, all right, but I _won't_ do it your way!" He left the basket and kept on running.

He didn't know how long he kept running. The hallway went on seemingly forever. When he finally stopped and looked back, the girl was nowhere in sight. He caught his breath and leaned against a door. The door wasn't latched, and suddenly swung openâ€|

He found himself in a building made entirely out of ice. It was huge, cold, and very beautiful. The young woman in front of him was very beautiful as well. She wore a pale-blue dress with bare shoulders and a slit up past her knees, and her blonde hair was worn in a side-braid. She was trying to keep her distance from a boy in a blue hoodie and tan jeans who carried a crooked staff. Oddly, he was barefoot; walking on the icy floor didn't seem to bother him.

"You're in the wrong room, whoever-you-are!" the boy exclaimed. "This isn't your Fanfiction Hell."

"No, it's mine!" the lady burst out. "I don't know who you are, but can you help me? I'm twenty years old, and I'm forever being paired off with this boy in his mid-teens! It's awful! Please, I'm begging you, is there anything you can do to get me out of here?"

"I'm not having much luck with my own stories," Hiccup shrugged. "I don't think I can do any better with yours. Can't you just give him the cold shoulder?"

"That's not funny!" the girl and the boy said at the same time. She turned and ran up the glistening icy stairs, shouting, "Anna! Sven! Olaf! _Somebody,_ please help me!" The boy chased her. At the top of the stairs, a handsome young man with a fancy suit and a smirking expression stepped out to greet her. She pulled away in shock. "Prince Hans?! Somebody besides you, please help me!" Hiccup didn't wait to see the outcome; he stepped back into the hall and shut the door.

Yet another teen-aged girl was waiting for him. She tried to embrace him, but he pulled away.

"Stay back!" he exclaimed, making the sign of the cross with his index fingers. "I don't need any more of whatever misery you're

dishing out!"

"But, Hiccup, I love you!" she exclaimed with a hurt look. "I'd never make you miserable!"

"I've heard that one before," he said.

"But I really mean it," she pleaded with him. "I only write nice stories about you."

"My dragon doesn't turn on me?" She shook her head. "My own gender doesn't turn on me?" She shook her head again. "Nothing bad happens to me?"

"Hiccup, a few bad things happen to everybody, but I promise you, if you check out this door, you won't be sorry."

"Fine," he sighed. "I don't have many other options." He stepped through the door.

"Yeah! This is more like it!" he shouted. He was on Toothless' back, and they were gliding above the clouds over Berk. The air was chill and crisp, his dragon was acting normally, and for a few seconds, he actually began to relax.

Then he heard the girl's voice beside him. "Whee! Isn't this fun?" He glanced over his shoulder. She was riding a white Night Fury right next to him. He did a facepalm; Toothless shook his head in irritation.

"I promised nothing bad would happen," she went on, "Of course, you'll have to get captured and imprisoned by the Berserkerks so my Light Fury and I can rescue you, but we'll have a happy ending together, so it's okay. It's going to be so romantic! Just you and me, flying off into the sunset!" She hugged herself in giddy delight.

"Uhh, maybe you didn't get the memo," Hiccup shot back, "but I've got this thing about Astrid, and I always have, and that's not going to change with a few lines of text on your iPad."

"You're so cute! You're playing hard-to-get," she giggled. "That's okay. I've got more than one way to win your heart forever!" The white dragon pulled up and gained altitude fast. Then it vanished into thin air, leaving the girl screaming and tumbling straight down. Toothless swerved and caught her on his back; it was a reflex with him. She hugged Hiccup tightly.

"Thank you for saving me," she gasped.

"Let me guess. You're the mysterious girl who fell out of the sky," Hiccup said in a bored voice.

"You're so smart and clever!" she giggled. "I have an IQ of 137, so I know we'd make a good couple."

"NO!" he screamed. "I love Astrid and nobody else! I don't care if you fall out of the sky, or wash up on the beach, or get found in the forest... none of you crazy fangirls is getting me! Toothless, find a door and fly through it! I have to find Astrid! At least she'll

be an outpost of sanity in this crazy place!" The dragon grunted and turned sharply. A door appeared, floating in the sky. They flew through it...

...and Hiccup was in his house. Toothless was nowhere to be seen. There were some subtle differences in the decorations, but he was definitely home. He sighed and began to relax.

That was when he felt the hard blow hit his arm. "_That's_ for going off and leaving me with two crying babies!" Astrid snarled. "You think you can just take off and ride that dragon any time you want to? You're married now! With twins! You can't live like a bachelor anymore!" She pointed at a screaming, red-faced, runny-nosed baby sitting on the floor. "He needs his diaper changed. I just changed his sister, so that one's all yours."

Hiccup reluctantly picked up the baby. His nose wrinkled. "What's that smell? I never smelled a dirty diaper that smelled like _that_ before."

"I'm trying something new for supper tonight," she said over her shoulder as she retreated to the kitchen. "We're having octopus flambee with braised yak hooves. Oh, and did I mention we're having my parents over for supper?"

"NO-O-O!" Hiccup screamed...

...and then he woke up. He was sweaty and gasping for breath. The dream had seemed so real!

The sun was beginning to peek above the horizon, throwing a pale beam of light through his window. Toothless sat up beside his bed and crooned anxiously. Hiccup reached out to stroke the broad black head "and then pulled his hand back.

"Wait a second. Are you going to bite me?" Toothless looked puzzled.

"I just need to be sure. You don't have the hots for me, do you? You don't want to knock me up?" The dragon looked even more confused. Everything was back to normal. Hiccup threw his arms around his big black friend's thick neck and hugged him. "Bud, no matter what they do to us in the stories, you will _always_ be my best friend."

Then he heard Astrid's voice from under the window. "Hiccup! You'd better be ready for school! You promised you'd walk with me today and carry my books, seeing how I'm trying out for the cheering squad this year, and "and

From outside, all Astrid heard was Hiccup's long, anguished scream, followed by what might have been sobbing. She smiled at Ruffnut, who was standing next to her with a huge, contented smirk. "Ruff, I have to admit, I didn't get it at first, but that was a pretty good dare. Now it's my turn."

The End

End
file.